

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

MAY 8th, 1859.

Read—LUKE vii. 36-50: The penitent woman.
GENESIS xxxvii. 23-36: The cruelty of Joseph's brethren.

Recite—LUKE vii. 47-50.

MAY 15th, 1859.

Read—LUKE viii. 1-18: The parable of the Sower. GENESIS xl.: The two dreams, and Joseph's interpretation.

Recite—LUKE viii. 1-3.

MESSENGER ALMANAC.

From May 1st to 14th, 1859.

		New Moon,		May 2,		5. 10 Afternoon.	
		First Quarter,		9,		0. 45 "	
		Full Moon,		16,		4. 52 "	
		Last Quarter,		24,		6. 35 "	
D.M.	Day	SUN.		MOON.		High Water at	
		Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	Sets.	Halifax.	Windsor.
1	SU.	4 58	7 2	3 58	5 36	7 0	10 47
2	M.	4 57	7 3	4 25	6 47	7 36	11 36
3	T.	4 55	7 5	4 56	8 2	8 12	12 30
4	W.	4 54	7 6	5 36	9 20	8 48	1 30
5	Th.	4 53	7 7	6 29	10 31	9 27	2 32
6	F.	4 52	7 8	7 36	11 32	10 9	3 36
7	Sa.	4 51	7 9	8 46	morn.	10 52	4 36
8	SU.	4 58	7 2	10 10	0 24	10 40	5 34
9	M.	4 57	7 3	11 17	0 56	0 9	6 27
10	Tu.	4 55	7 5	A. 39	1 37	1 12	7 17
11	W.	4 54	7 6	1 52	1 55	2 25	8 3
12	Th.	4 53	7 7	3 6	2 16	3 45	8 49
13	F.	4 52	7 8	4 17	2 34	4 55	9 36
14	Sa.	4 51	7 9	5 29	2 57	5 55	10 24

* For the time of High Water at Pictou, Pugwash, Wallace, and Yarmouth add 2 hours to the time at Halifax.

* For High Water at Annapolis, Digby, &c. and at St. John, N. B., add 3 hours to the time at Halifax.

* The time of High Water at Windsor is also the time at Parrsboro', Horton, Cornwallis, Truro, &c.

* For the LENGTH OF DAY double the time of the Sun's setting.

The Hearthstone Club.

We copy the following from the New York Evening Post:—The first public meeting of this association of ladies was held, pursuant to announcement, on Saturday last, at the Cooper Institute.

The following are the preamble and constitution:

PREAMBLE.

Believing that public and private happiness and prosperity are best secured through virtuous, intelligent, and well-ordered homes; and feeling that the science of domestic economy, and the interests of households would be advanced by a thorough discussion of every question pertaining thereto, and to the welfare of woman generally,

Resolved, That we form ourselves into an association for promoting the objects specified in the foregoing preamble, and adopt the following

CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1. This Association shall be called "The Hearthstone Club."

Art. 2. The officers of "The Hearthstone Club" shall consist of a President and Secretary, and be elected from the ladies, members of the Club, by a majority of the members present at any regular meeting of the Club, when such election shall take place.

Art. 3. A meeting of the Club shall be held once each month, for the discussion of such matters as shall properly come before it. Special meetings may be held as often as the Club may deem important.

Art. 4. Members may be elected to the Club upon their names being presented at its regular meeting, and receiving the approval of the majority of the members present at such meeting.

Art. 5. The proceedings of this Club shall be governed by ordinary parliamentary rules.

The following resolution was offered and discussed at a former meeting:

Resolved, That the members of "The Hearthstone Club" be requested to furnish information, germane to the objects of this Club, either in the form of original or selected essays, books, pamphlets, etc. It may pertain to domestic cookery, the wardrobe, the laundry, household utensils and machinery, house-furnishing, warming, and lighting, household expenses and economies, domestic family hygiene, the management and education of children, and any questions of interest pertaining to the welfare of woman.

The meeting having been called to order by the President, Mrs. Johnson, the minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved.

The Committee upon Recent Household Inventions not being ready to report, some essays were read; one upon "Conversation," by Mrs. Wilbour; another upon "Tea." Others were postponed for want of time. The essay on "Tea" excited considerable discussion in regard to the effects of tea and coffee used as beverages.

The Mother and Child.

"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase!"

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief—go up stairs until I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen the fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life. O, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

The Old Village Minister.

Many a reader's heart will respond in almost tearful sympathy, to the emotions under which this beautiful picture of the "Old Village Minister" and the Sabbath associations of other days must have been sketched:

In an eastern paper we read a line or two, the other day—the brief announcement of a death. It was in little type; it was without note or comment; only the death of the old village minister.

And so, the gray-haired man, who ministered at the altar, is dead; whose feet, as they walked on Zion's hill, were very beautiful in our eyes. How well do we remember, when the storm came up, and the sun was hidden, and cloud called out to cloud, that we wished "the minister" would come, for surely no harm could enter the dwelling that he blessed! We used to forget about the falling sparrows, but then we had faith in him, and many a time did we wonder and doubt whether he ever could die like other men; and whether he would not be wafted away, like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire.

Then, they had not thrown away the old deacon and got one that was new; a sleek-looking, juvenile deacon with glossy black hair. The gallery was not gay with red curtains on rings, from behind which came whispers and song. Then we had St. Martin's, St. Thomas and Mear.

Shall we ever hear Denmark and Corinth again! Sweetly rose Dundee's wild warble in those long-gone days; Old Hundred, and Wells, and Peterboro'—how grand they were, when the breath of the great congregation went up together, and the voices of matron and maiden were blended.

How distinctly the picture rises in memory; the plain old church and the people singing before the Lord. The minister read "for their instruction" every Sabbath morning, and prayed for the lambs of the flock and for them that were feeble and old; that God would have them all in his good keeping, guide them in green pastures, and lead them beside the still waters, and gather them all in the fold at the last. How much snow there used to be sprinkled about them in June—time's snows on the locks of the old. They tell us there is less of it now; that the children whose feet swung clear of the floor, are the men and women to-day; and the voice of the elder is stilled, and the prayers that he uttered are ended. They have removed the old square pulpit, as high as a house, that succeeded the swallow's nest of a predecessor, against the wall; the swallow's nest of a pulpit, that hung there beneath a flower shaped bell that Linnaeus never numbered nor named.

We are sorry that the old square look-out between heaven and earth is removed, for it was for years among the mysteries of childhood, what there might be in it—if ever an angel, and where the minister went when we could not see him. Often had we stood at the foot of the stairs that led up to the mystery; but only once did we ever venture to ascend them. Judge of our disappointment, that there was nothing of gold there; no glories that we had read of in the Apocalypse; for we fancied there were; there was a rough, bare floor, an uncushioned bench, an old worn Bible, an ancient copy of Watts' Psalmody, and a little pile of Sunday school books in a corner.

And it was thence, from the midst of such a place, those words of eloquence had come, that charmed, and thrilled, and awed us then; that charm, and thrill, and awe us in memory yet. We ascended the little platform, and standing upon tiptoe, looked over the high breast-work upon the empty pews; there was something very grand about it, we thought, that almost made us breathless, and, stealing down, we left the sacred place; more sacred to us than any we have seen since, save the spot where the minister has wearied and slept.

The members of the old congregation have gone up to loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. The grandmothers, in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs, smoothly folded and laid upon their arms; the fair-browed girls, that sung the alto and the air; the children, with the sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon, whose head blossomed like an almond-tree, hard by the pulpit door; the old woman, that in winter time brought the tin foot-stoves for a solace; the little paper fans, that waved, when days were summer, like so many little wings about the church, as if the old minister had a family of cherubim for audience; the old doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch, they received; these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer, in Sabbath noons, do they sit up

on the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdued, while taking their frugal meal; no longer do they linger among the old, gray gravestones of "the burying ground" that is since a "cemetery," and contemplate the stone-willows that never put forth a leaf; for the times have changed, and there is but one sermon a day, and those who brought their dinners of old, have sat down, the most of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the tree of life, the true tree of heaven, and no poplar, is blooming forever.

The deaf who sat on the pulpit stairs in those old times, can hear the waving of a seraph's wing to-day, for the "daughters of music" have been lifted from the dust wherein they were lying; the old blind man, whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide, lives now in morning light; and Jonah, that stole softly in, and sat humbly down in a pew beside the door, has been made white at last and bidden to come up higher.

We think it ought to be set down upon a map somewhere, that the old church was very near the "house not made with hands"—only the graveyard's breadth removed. We think it ought somewhere to be written, "The house that they builded of old—let it remain forever. Give to time the silencing of the well they have hallowed; let the wind end the songs the dead singers began, and the rains gently fall on its echoless threshold."—Chicago Journal

The Proper Manner of Sleeping in Church.

Some vain persons have been so weak and wicked to raise a question upon the merits of the case—yea, they have gone so far as to say, that sleeping in church, so far from being a duty, is absolutely, and to all intents and purposes, a sin. They allege that the church was built for the purpose of divine worship and it is an insult to the Creator to go to sleep in it. They further allege that it is disrespectful to the speaker and oneself to do so. This is going a dreadful length, is only another instance of the radical and extreme tendencies of the age. What!—that a sin which has existed in the church from the days of the apostles themselves!—even under Paul's preaching! You remember the striking example of that worthy young man, Eutychus. A sin indeed! It is not a sensible act in me to waste time and arguments upon such vain cavillers. The uniform practice of the church (especially on warm afternoons) for eighteen hundred years is decisive.

Assuming then, that it is a duty, let us consider the manner of performing it. I hold that, like all other Christian practices, there ought to be uniformity in the manner. We find it in all the other parts of worship, i. e., all sit while the sermon is being delivered, all stand or all kneel when prayer is offered; why then should those who are engaged in offering up sleep-worship not conform to some one attitude?

1. It is an improper manner of performing this duty to nod, and for the plain reason that the worshipper attracts too much attention. Now, we are everywhere taught to avoid ostentatious display in our worship. The Pharisees were condemned for praying at the corners of the streets, that they might be seen of men. On the same principle the nodding worshipper is condemned for he is making too public a display of his devotions. Those in his immediate vicinity, instead of attending to their own worship, are lost in admiration of the profound state in which devotional meditations have placed him. Peradventure they may even envy his condition and thereby break the tenth commandment.

2. Nor is it proper to snore in the performance of this duty, partly for the foregoing reasons; but mainly because it is a direct infraction of the golden rule. Suppose, for instance, that your next neighbor is asleep; by your snoring he will be disturbed, probably awakened. This, you perceive, is not doing to others as you would that they should do to you.

3. I deem it unchristian to sleep with the head thrown back and the mouth wide open. It is wrong to injure one's health while offering worship; and all physicians admit that such position is liable to produce sore throat and hoarseness. Besides, flies sometimes get into the mouth on such occasions, and by their injudicious explorations tickle the delicate membranes and cause horrible sneezations and coughings, which I am told are very injurious to health.

4. To sleep with the head resting on the arms of the worshipper, and the face buried up in the cuffs of the coat, is a most improper way of offering sleep-worship. First, because it is also injurious to health, and is altogether a very un-

safe way of performing the duty; and second and mainly because it is a sin—a direct violation of the Scriptures which command us to let our light shine that men may profit by our example. In this case it is impossible to know whether the Christian worshiper is asleep or awake. It is a positive case of lukewarmness;—neither the one thing nor the other.

My cogitations have well nigh exhausted the subject. Let me then say that the only truly pious way of performing the important duty of sleeping in church is, to sit bolt upright with the face to the minister, eschewing nodding, snoring and depressions of the head.

That this is the true way, appears from the fact that the minister is strengthened and encouraged by the evidence that his labors are not in vain seeing they have procured so marked an effect. And just here, Mr. Editor, if I was not afraid of giving offence to your clergy, I would say, that when a minister finds himself in the pulpit with a rather slim sermon, it must be a source of great consolation to him to see his congregation asleep, I mean no reflection on ministers.

Now Christian brethren with long necks object to this mode of worship because of their inability to maintain the head erect when the will is lost in sleep. I admit the force of this objection—indeed have felt the evil myself and hence it occurs to me that some apparatus for the support of the head, such as the barbers have on the backs of their chairs might be fixed on the pews. These aids to worship might be moveable, fastening on the pew with a clamp; and when one worshipper is through his devotions, the machine might be slid along to another. When the service is ended, the sleeping Christian could take his Bible and Psalm-book under one arm this little aid to the devotion under the other and wend his way home, well satisfied that he has performed his duty in a plain, worthy and decent manner.—Pacific.

A Touching Incident.

A correspondent, writing from Philadelphia to the Louisville Democrat, relates the following:

"While an aged and poorly clad female was asking alms at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, a smart looking sailor passed within a few feet of her, gazing intently for several seconds on her haggard face. She approached him, and extended her palm in silence. Instantly his hand found its way to his capacious pocket, and when he drew it out it was filled with gold and silver, which he forced her to accept, saying—

"There, good mother, take this; you may as well have it as the landsharks. The last cruise I had out of New York found me with four thousand dollars on hand; but, as the neighbors told me my mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money, and spent it all inside of a week, and then shipped again."

"Oh! good, good sir! you are too kind to an old body like me. For your sake I will take it. Oh! you remind me of my poor son, George White! where are you now?"

"George White!" hurriedly exclaimed the now excited sailor. "Why, that's my name! and you—you are my mother!" With this, he seized her in his arms and kissed her affectionately, whilst the big tears of joy ran down his bronzed cheek. The poor woman was entirely overcome by the recovery of her long lost child, and wept and groaned alternately. A carriage shortly after conveyed the mother and son away, leaving many a moistened eye among the crowd who witnessed the scene."

God's Protection of Young Deer.

An old Canadian hunter declares that the reason why the wild deer were not all killed when young (as they breed once a year and are always surrounded by other animals which prey upon them as dogs, wolves, bears, panthers, etc.) is that "no dog or other animal can smell the track of a doe or fawn, while the latter is too young to take care of itself!" He stated that he had often seen it demonstrated. He had taken his dogs over the ground where he had just before seen them pass, and they would take no notice of the track, and could not be induced to follow when taken to the spot, while they would instantly discover the track of any deer not having young ones. This is but one proof of the adaptation of the natural laws to preserve life when it most needs protection.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Active measures are now in progress for the completion of this noble vessel, 400 workmen, in various branches, having been engaged during the present week, and will commence operations on board in a few days. It is expected that the vessel will be ready for a trial trip during the month of July.